Dog Dinners and the Eugenists: Heine and Honus Make Speakings

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By AARON HOFFMAN; All

Honus-Why?

RING BEER FOR

bring baskets well filled."

and Talked Ring Politics.

day afternoon for its usual monthly meeting. The usual business program was carried out and the meeting ad-

Honus—100 mean their ausbands?

Heine—No. Their dogs, pog luncheons and Kloodie dinner parties are
quite the thing nowadays. If you ain't
invited out to sit down and eat with a
dog you ain't in snappy society at all
Honus—Thut's why there are so many
diverces in society.

Heine—Why?

*Honus—Recurse so many many these

Heine—Why?

**Honus—Because so many women treat
their muts better than their husbands.

Heine—Well, do you think that it
would be better if a society woman
treated her husband like a dog?

Honus—Sure. When a man marries
a society woman nowadays the dog has
got all the best of it. She calls the
dog pet names, she takes him out automobiling, she invites him to swell dinners, she even lets her dog lick her
when he wants to, and you bet she
wouldn't let her husband do that.

Heine—it might be a good thing if
he did.

he did.

Honus—He ain't got a chance. She wouldn't even let him lick the dog.

Heine—You can't blame him for wanting to take to the club.

Honus—There is only one way in which she allows her husband to be on the same footing as a dog.

Heine—And what is that?

Honus—She makes him work like one.

Heine—That's where I give the min-isters credit. They are speaking against dog dinners. Honus—You can't blame them Lots of our swell ministers like to attend society dinners themselves and they don't like to see them solve to the does

of our swell ministers like to attend society dinners themselves and they don't like to see them going to the dogs. How would you feel to have your appetite all saved up for an elaborate dinner and have it called off at the last minute because the guest of honor had the mange. Heine—Besides such a dinner would have too much of a cur-ry flavor. Honus—That is the least. Suppose you attended a banquet at the St. Reckless and the party you had to take in to dinner had fleas? Heine—It would be even worse if you invited your neighbor to have a bite of a stew and she took a bite out of your leg.

Honus—But there's one good thing. Society women don't give dinners to monkey's any more.

Heine—They don't have to. They give dinners to dogs and make monkeys out of themselves.

Honus—I tell you one thing, Heine, it rich people don't stop giving dog luncheons and things like that, it's going to come to a terrible continuation.

Heine—There's only way to stop it.

ceived the place in world his-

tory to which it is fairly entitled. Off

hundred millions of people, its magnificent plains, mountains and rivers, its gems and gold, and all its wealth

of ancient story.

In 1745, just before Clive took charge in the great Oriental peninsula, the prospect was blue for England. The French with headquarters at Pondicherry, seemed everywhere to have the advantage which they could not very well lose. Under the leadership of Dupleix they were winning triumphs on every hand, and the outlook for the Britisher was feriern indeed.

umphs on every hand, and the outlook for the Britisher was forlorn indeed. Only at Fort St. David, a few miles south of Pondicherry, where Clive and a few other fugitives found shelter, did England have any sort of a hold upon the soil of India.

But Clive was a host within himself, and his "heaven born genlis" soon began to make itself felt in ways that were substantial end permanent. At Plassey and Arcat Clive put a new face upon the English situation in India and the rule of the French was shaken to its foundations.

That rule was, however, still su-preme in the Deccan, as well as in the region known as the "Northern Cir-

cars," and, to make matters worse, everlasting monument Clive, prostrated by the climate and abbey by the Thames.

Tribes of

to its foundations.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

152 years ago today, has not re- | furn to England.

Heine—At the Hotel Vander-bilk.

Heine—At the Hotel Vander-bilk.

House—Was you there?

Helne—I should say bot. It was a luncheon given by a half a dozen society women in honor of their pups.

Helne—No. Their dogs. Dog luncheons and Kloodle dinner parties are quite the thing nowadays. If you ain't

Heine-You don't understand. What

the Eugenist says is that parents should be selected scientifically. Everything must be done to improve the breed. Children should be raised win the same care and attention that we give to bringing up dogs, cows and

Honus-But how many children would like to be brought up like a Heine-You don't bring 'em up like

Honus-Well, what do you do?

Honus—Well, what do you do?
Heine—You pick out parents for the child so that the offspring will be stronger and healthier than if the parents did their own picking.
Honus—My parents are good enough for me. I wouldn't let no Eugenius or anybody else pick out parents for me. Hefne—You don't have nothing to say about it. A Eugenist is a smart man. He has studied the subject for years. And he knows just what kind of parents you ought to have. And what they want is to have the government let them oversee all merriages so that nobody can be born unless their parents are gusranteed. parents are guaranteed.

Honus—You mean they want to have the right to say whether I'm going to be born or not? Heine—Exactly.

Honus-And before we can have a hild we got to get an O. K. from

Heine-Yes. Honus-And I couldn't be a father to my own children without their per-

Heine—That's the idea. And let me tell you if ever the Eugenists get in charge it will be pretty tough for you. Honus—Why for me?

Heine—Because you see they wouldn't allow the feeble-minded to get married or have children.

Honus—But everybody that gets married is feeble-minded.

Heine—That's very true. But what

Heine—That's very true. But what they want to do is to make everybody submit to an examination before they get married. And if they can't get a clean bill of health—no wedding belis Honus—According to that you'd have to train to get married just like train-ing for a prize fight.

Heine—Do what he Eugenists say.

Heine—Eugenist is a fellow that it gets too one-sided and brutal it

Europe Wandewish did for the same rule in India.

Irish stock who emigrated to France along with the Stuarts. Both men were democratic in their feelings and man-ners, honest to the core, quick as light-

The Battle of Wandewash

journed.
Einter the "ring" bunch "carrying presents to the Greeks" otherwise the printers. The ringsters were requested to be present after they had asked that the request be made, J. D. Ponder acting as chief requester. He was as busy as a bird dog Saturday calling the various members of the Typo. to get them to make the spontaneous and unexpected request for the "ring" gang's presence at the Sunday afternoon session. day afternoon session.

Beer has a wonderful vote getting power, the "ring" thinks, and beer was brought along, together with sandwiches, eigars and several hundred cubic feet of hot air bottled in bond for the operation HE battle of Wandewash, fought his excessive labors, was forced to re-Such was the situation in 1760, when sir Eyre Coote won the decisive vic-tory at Wandewash over the French general Lally. Between Wandewash and Waterloo there is a vast difference

tory to which it is fairly entitied. Off hand, not one person in a hundred, probably not one person in a thousand, would be able to say where or between what contestants the battle was fought. And yet Wandewash gave England the proud empireship of India, that wonderland, with its three hundred millions of page 12 hands with its three was a wast difference in the numbers engaged and the celebrity of the chief actors; but, despite this difference, the fact remains that what waterlood did for French rule in the contest of the co cubic feet of not an obtain for the occasion.

The old gag of "we used to be printers like you" was sprung by judge Eylar, J. D. Fonder and others of the invading host, all of which made the printers wonder why they had quit the game for the less lucrative one of balletes Judge Eylar Joe Nealon. polities. Judge Eylar Joe Nealon. Billie Bridgers and "judge" Ponder each made th usual union labor speech with the frills about the dignity of labor and the rights of the working man to organize, but not stopping to mention how it happened that the

In the words of the historian: "That day terminated the long hostilities between the two rival European powers and left not a single ensign of the French nation in any part of India." There is, by the way, a lot of real human interest in the story of the two men who commanded the opposing forces at Wandewash—Coote and Laily. To begin with they were both Irish-'ring' had been working the city em-ployes longer than union hours and in violation of the state labor law. Tom Quigley, chairman of the so-cial committee of the union, acted as toustmaster. To begin with, they were both Irishmen. Coote was born in Limerick, and Lally, though born in France, came of

WEARS OUT 14 PAIRS OF SHOES ON LONG HIKE.

It took 14 pairs of shoes, and 308

ners, honest to the core, quick as lightning to resent insult and as good haters
of their enemies as they were lovers of
their friends.

And both, again, are admirable illustrations of the fickleness of fate
and the inconstancy of fortune; for,
while Lally, starting out with his decorations and honors, fetched up at
the gibbet, judicially murdered by
the people he served to the best of his
ability. Coote, beginning in obscurity,
died full of glory and was given his
everlasting monument in the great
abbey by the Thames.

It took 14 pairs of snoes, and swe
pairs of sox to waik 13,000 miles, according to A. Wood, who walked into
El Paso Monday morning on the last
lap of his transcontinental journey en
route to Los Angeles.
Wood said he first started out from
that city to British Columbia and
return. His wife died in Los Angeles,
but Wood continued walking. He completed the 15,000 miles, according to A. Wood, who walked into
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One of Foremost Women of Country-President of Women's Clubs.

San Francisco, Calif., July 8 .- Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, of Denver, former president of the General Federation of Women's clubs, died here at 8:20 last night, following an operation for inestinal trouble: Her daughter, Miss married.

Honus—Imagine a fellow falling in love with a girl who can't get a certificate. Instead of sending her hillet doux and candy he'd me sending her prescriptions and pills.

Heine—But think what it would do farriet Platt, of Denver, was present. The operation was performed Friday and Mrs. Decker rallied immediately. Until last right her condition was considered hopeful, but after a change for the worse in the evening, she sank

for the race.

Honus—When a fellow's in love what does he care for the race?

Heine—That's just the trouble. That's why the race is producing such burn speck. If the principles of Eugenicism were carried out you'd have to prove One of Foremost Women in Nation. Denver, Colo., July 8.—The death of Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker marks the bassing of one of the foremost women in the nation. She was widely known were carried out you'd have to prove that you was fit in every way to im-prove the race before she would marry a distinguished club woman, philan-ropist, leader of woman's suffrage and tireless worker in many public spirited movements. It was due much to her efforts that Honus-That would be an awful



MRS SARAH PLATT DECKER.

the most useful and widely known in America, and it was because of her recognized ability that the National Federation of Women's clubs elected her their national president at St. Louis in 1984.

Native of Vermont.

Mrs. Decker, whose maiden name was Sarah Sophia Chase, was born at Me-indoe Falls, VL, her mother being a lescendant of the famous Adams fam-ily of Massachusetts; her father Edvin Chase was a prominent temper

ice advocate. The then Sarah Chase received a high chool education and made her advent nto public at Holyoke, Mass, where he was made one of the members of t board of trustees for the distribution of fauds left for the descrying poor. At Queens, Long Island, where she

went after her first marriage, Mrs. Decker was identified with the work of the orphans' home and the child welfare movement, but on her advent in Denver, in 1887, and she was known only in the restricted circles of her own social set.

Active in Politics. Active in Politics.

Long before the Denver Women's club was organized, in 1894, and she elected its first president, Mrs. Decker gave her money and support to the campaign for woman's suffrage. In the first silver campaign of Bryan, Mrs. Decker took Decker took an active part. During the second Bryan campaign she pre-sided at one of the largest political mass meetings ever directed in the inited States by a woman.

Mrs. Decker became the first woman member of the Colorado state board of pardons, and in 1858 was appointed a member of the Colorado board of harities and corrections.

WEEKENUD DANCE IS LARGELY ATTENDED

Horseback Riding and Picnic Parties Clouderoft Diversions.

Clouderoft ,N .M., July 8 .- The Saturday evening dance, held at the Lodge, was the largest dance of the season. Fully 100 couples enjoyed the occasion. The next dance will be held at

the paylion tonight.

The weather continues cool and clear and many horseback and picnic parties are seen daily. The golf links also afford much pleasure to the guests and cottagers.

Mr and Mrs & P. Coles arrived in Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Coles arrived in Cloudcroft Sunday to spend the sum-

mer.
C. B. Stevens spent Saturday and Sunday with his family.
M. B. Davis, of El Paso, was among the vistors in Cloudcroft Sunday.
J. B. Dale and son. J. B. Dale jr., of Dallas, spent the week end at the Lodge.

odge. D. M. Payne spent the week end with his familie and D. Hart jr., of Pump-wille, Texas, left Sunday after spending a month at the Lodge.

J. A. Carroll, of Mescalero, N. M.,

Lodge.
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Coleman, of Mineral Wells, Texas, are guests at the At Kenison, of Galveston, spent the week end in Cloudcroft, the guest

spent Saturday and Sunday at the

Al Kenison, of Galveston, spent the week end in Cloudcroft, the guest of C. B. Stevens.

Among those registering at the Lodge are: Claude C. Early, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Theo. J. Sutherland, James A. Carroll. Mescalero, N. M.; David Schwartz, J. B. Caden, El Paso; J. B. Dale, J. B. Dale fr., Dallas; Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Reinemund. El Paso; H. W. Coleman and wife, Mineral Wells; W. A. Föster, Chicago; L. C. Roswell, El Paso; H. D. Dorsey, Ft. Worth; J. D. Wharton, J. H. Hilgartner, El Paso; E. L. Medler and wife, Las Cruces; D. F. Watson and wife, Lincoln. N. M.; W. M. Banner, O. H. Thomas, El Paso; W. S. Crawford, W. A. Scrivener and son, J. C. *Liguenos and son, B. T. Clements and wife, Mrs. Forsythe, Mrs. Dan Forsythe, T. R. Rogers, El Paso; H. B. Jones, Tucumcari; A. S. Michelson, El Paso; H. A. Michelson, St. Louis; C. L. Ford, D. C. Huntington, Frank Wood, M. B. Davis, E. W. Fox and wife, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Coles, Mrs. Beni, Sherrod, J. A. Bradford, Clark Bradford, D. B. Smith, El Paso.

"Pa is immensely pleased to hear you "Is immensely pleased to hear you are a poet"
"Is he, really?"
"Oh, very You see, the last felia I had that he tried to kick was a foot-

"How can I ever keep this house "Shut it up"

"BACK EAS"

anner rips

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Old Point Comfort

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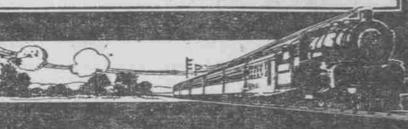
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99 DAVID WARFIELD'S FAMOUS OLD SKETCH, Which He Revived, and Presented At the Lambs' Gambol, Assisted

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Niblo-Well, what is it? Warfield-A bargain; fine, vonder-

Niblo-Oh, I don't want a hat. Warfield-Just try it on. You look

grand. Niblo-Well, let me see, have you a looking glass?

Warffeld-Vat for you vant a looking glass? Vant to see how you look? Nuh, nuh. Don't you look. Don't touch it.

Niblo-Ah, pardon me: P dropped It. Warfield-Sure, you see it's a fal

Niblo-Say, you must think I'm stuck Warfield—Sure you are, if you buy. Try this one. Niblo—No, I tell you I don't want a

Warfield-Just put it on. Oh, you look fine. Your mother vouldn't know you. You look just like a gentleman; could hardly tell der difference. Dot's right-feel the brim. You see, it's a spring hat. Look inside-see vere it vas made: Third avenue, only two

blocks from Fifth avenue. Niblo-Well, how much? Warfield-Dree dollars.

Niblo-What! Warfield—Sixty cents! Say, I know you, anyhow. You're an old friendt of Solly Rosenstein. Uh-huh. Solly's living here now. His son godt mar-ried, married Rosie Pokufski.

ried; married Rosie Pokufski.

Niblo-Which one is Rosie?

Warfield-You know; der big, tall yun, vid red hairs. Chure!

Niblo-Oh, I thought she was engaged to a butcher.

Warfield-She vas, but he godt a bigger bargain. So she married Rosenstein. Nice boy, Solly. I vas by der wedding. We singed and danced until way after 1 oclock. Den der janitor came up and vanted us it to stop; he vas a big Irish fighter. Solly tried to lick him. You should see the Irishman's physic-great big. But he couldn't fight. Rosenstein, vid his two brudders and his fadderiniaw, nearly beat 'Im up. beat 'im up. Niblo-By the way, what's Solly do-

ing now?

Warfield—Oh, he's got a fine position in der court—\$16 a veck. He's a—you know—tells what people say ven dey can't talk—a-a-turpentine. Niblo-I guess you mean an inter-

warfield—Ya, dot's right, a terpinter, Niblo—Well, how about Becky? Warfield—Becky? Huh-ha. She's a Spanish dancer now. You know, tick-tock. Vot is it? Cascarets?

Niblo—Castanets, Warfield—Yeh, dot's yot I mean. And Abey, you remember Abey; he got in drouble at his house. It was his birth-day; I mean he was born—he wasn't born de odder day—but you know, dey celebrated anyhow. His fadder gafe

him \$5.

Niblo—For a present?

Warfied—Nuh, nuh; chust to play vid a liddel while. Der foolish boy swallowed it—what do you tink of dat, and der last I heard dey had only got dree dollars and siggsty cendts back yet.

Niblo—That doesn't speak very well for Abey's brillinney, does it?

Warfield—Huh, not much. And, you know, he's awful dumb in school. De odder day der teacher asked him how much is two and two. Abey said fife. Der teacher asked him ten times and he said fife every time, so she sent him

Der teacher asked him ten times and he said fife every time, so she sent him out in der hall to tink it ofer. Meyer came along and Abey asked him how much is two and two. Meyer said four. Abey shook his head and said, "Don't go in dere; I chust offered her fife and she vouldn't take it." Niblo—How are things at your lodge now?

Warfield-Say, dot reminds me. You're a friendt of Cohen's, ain't it?

TIME TO KNOW THIS

WHAT HEM-ROID WILL DO FOR ANY WOMAN WITH PILES. Many a woman drags along a life of

misery with piles because she does not know of HEM-ROID, the sugar-coated tablet remedy that cures any kind of piles by restoring good circulation of blood in the swollen, clogged parts.

HEM-ROID is sold under a guarantee of satisfaction by Kelly & Poliard, distributors, and all draggists. \$1 for 24 days' treatment. Dr. Lconhardt Co., Station B, Buffalo, N., Y, mails a free booklet describing it.

By Fred Niblo. ARFIELD—Say, I got something Siggy Cohen? Yes, well, I chust left this house, and he's got a fight vid his I was frightened.

Nible—Well what is it? Warfield—Yes, yes, and say, belief it, wife ofer dere. You see Siggy belongs Nible—But don't you know a barking wife ofer dere. You see Siggy belongs to my lodge, and last month he had it a party and hired out a actor to make Warfield—Yes, I know it and you know it, but he don't know it. Niblo—It was a sort of a miracle that you got safely away then, wasn't a party and hired out a actor to make a theayter. After supper der actor commenced. He picked up from the table a chicken bone and said, "Vot great general does it remind you about him?" Nobody knowed it. Den he broke it in haif and said General Bonaparte. Huh-huh-ha. I nearly busted my life oudt. Cohen laughed too, and ran home to his vife and shook her and voke her up, and said f vant to show you a trick. It'll make you laugh a lot. Rachel told him to shut up and go to sleep, but Siggy exaisted on doing der trick. So he took a chicken bone oudt of his pocket and held it up and said, "Rachel, who is it?" She said,

said, "Rachel, who is it?" She said, "Vot's matter, you crary?" Den Siggy broke der bone in two and said, "Na-Rachel hasn't yet made him

forgiven.
Niblo-Well, 1 feel sorry for Rachel.

Warfield-Miracle? Vot's a miracle? Nible—You don't know what a miracle is? Well, now, supposing you were sitting at a winfow and fell-out, then got up and walked away. What would that be?

Warfield—Huh—good luck.

Nible—No no Now listen, for the

Nibto-No, no. Now listen, for the second time. Suppose you were sitting by the open window enjoying the cool your balance, and fell clear down to the hard pavement below. But instead of being dashed to death, you were not hurt, but stood right up and walked on. Now, what do you thing that would be?

Niblo—Well, I feel sorry for Rachel.
But tell me, is it true that you were chased by a dog yesterday?

Warfield—I should say it is true, and I nearly had der life frightened oudt of me. I was caming down der street and a big dog commenced it to holler at me. I didn't do him noddings at all.

Niblo—You mean he was barking at way; what is it?

Warfield—That's a habit.

WHAT IT REMINDED HER OF.



Vicar's Daughter: "I kepe you are enjoying the music, Mrs. Bowles?" Old Woman: "Dearie me, miss, this brings me back to the days when I used to saw wood!"

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quickly allayed the poison and the

CURED BY A NATIVE HERB

man's life was saved.

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LARENCE CHARLOHMDY, come right in here to mamma, Don't ever let me hear you say such an awful word as 'Darn' again, and never, never play with that willie Jones. He doesn't keep his hands clean!"

There you are! Take that:

You know all about Clarence Charlohmby now. You know about his straw colored hair, in long ringlets, all about

By Lewis Allen

North America -- The Mollycoddles

hands clean!"

There you are! Take that!
You know all about Clarence Charlolmdy now. You know about his straw colored hair, in long ringlets, all about his sadior hat tied under his chin with a robin's egg blue satin ribbon. You know all about his weak little chin and squirrel teeth and his spindle legs. In fact, you know just how Clarence is going to be tenderly reared. By the time he is 15 years old his mother will allow him to go down to the Y. M. C. A. and sit up as late as half past eight, playing crokonole or reading the Band And while the rest of you are having sport at baseball and tennis and football, or while you are working in offices and shops and getting inarried and hustling around to support a family. Little Charence Charlohmdy will still be tectoring up and down the main sireet of your village, wearing a carnation in his buttonhole and taking Bertha M. Slush's books out of the Ilbrary.

playing crokonole or reading the Band of Hope Herald.

By the time little Clarence is 18 be will be wearing glasses and playing Most of the girls will openly snicker

By the time little Clarence is 18 be will be wearing glasses and playing melodies on the zither. And he will be a fullfledged "mollycoddle."

Clarence will then get real sporty and go to baseball games and when a man on the home team bunts the sphere right into the pitcher's hands and is tossed out at first before he has time to drop hig bat, Clarence will scream in a rich, high falsetto, "Goodness gracious, darnitall, why didn't he run faster?" Most of the girls will openly snicker at him, although glad enough to dance with him. The men he went to school with will look pityingly at him and make all sorts of rude remarks in his bearing to embarrass him.

And about this time pretty Clarence will meet some charming but sorrowing widow at a summer resort. He will read poetry to her and talk endearing and consoling words to her and present consoling the consoling words to her and present consoling the con read poetry to her and talk endearing said consoling words to her and, prestol—almost before Clarence himself realizes it, the widow's heart has been caught on the rebound and the marriage takes place.

Then Clarence brings his bride home to our village and it turns out that she was left a large bunch of millions by a man who was not parawaringed. and what fun the follows will have with him. They will put glue in his hat and drop suspicious eggs in his pockets and drop chocolate creams down his 3 1-2 inch collar and then slam him familiarly on the shoulder

man who was not narrowminded nough to atipulate that she lose it if the marry again. And Clarence and is bride begin to build a home there bat looks like a castle, and they have clarence buys up a lot of real estate and ereryone in town begins to kow-tow to the Hon. Clarence Charlohmdy.

And the men folks who used to throw mud at Clarence when they were lads and soak him with eggs when they were youths, and make coarse remarks about him when they were grown as

really more run in him.

The boys pull his curls and watch him run home and hide behind his mamma's apron. They make all sorts of fun of him, for there is something almost irresistible about these "molly-coddles" that makes one want to be centinually abusing them. They are a rather pitiful trible, but North America has all sorts of tribes and must out up.

Montmorency right slambang in the eye. It is fearful, Poor little Montmorency has been abused like this for

time, as those he had swallowed were only his first ones,
And then poor little Mollycoddle Montmorency went home and cut off his curis and told his mother to "shut up," and went out looking for some of Bill Smithers's pais. But, somehow or other, every time Montmorency appeared they had business down another street or around a corner.

were youths, and make coarse remarks about him when they were grown up, begin to worry and wonder, now that he has bought up all the loose real estate and mortgages, if he will foreclose on them. And they begin to bow to him and smile at him, and when they call to sort of get their bearings Clarence stands in the reception hall, looks squarely out in their faces and says to his butler, "James, tell that—er—

has all sorts of tribes and must put up with them.

Naughty Bill Smithers punches little

morency has been abused like this for several years.

When Bill hit him in the eye be wasn't expecting it. Bill came up behind him, jumped in front of him and hit him. It was such fun. But something about the blow and the manner sort of made little red spots dance in front of poor Montmorency's eyes, and when he picked himself up he took a large, round and mudstained cobblestone with him. He knew he was such a sissy be couldn't throw it straight, so he just jumped at Bill and mashed him right in the face.

When the doctors got through with Bill they told his parents that while his nose would never be straight again, he would have some front teeth in time, as those he had swallowed were only his first ones.

peared they had business down another street or around a corner.

After Bill got the bandages off his face so he could be recognized he came out doors again and he and "Monty," as everyone called Montmorency, became the greatest of chums.

A mollycoddle is a very ladylke chap, but beware of him, because he may